

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"The word you hated!" said my wife in correction.

"I know what I say, and I tell you it was the last convulsion of love. That was *being* ago—I had time in prison to get over my love for you. But that morning the policeman knocked out of him there; his sensibilities are stamped under foot till he's callous to pain or pleasure—like a tire's worn tooth when the nerve is destroyed. How could he live on and on otherwise? He glanced at me, and I put up my question. She dropped from her cheek for reply. She must have seen that I told the truth, for I turned again to look out of the window, unmoved by her sympathy; occupied solely with my own bitter reflection.

"But an attack of that kind leaves it

"You have my thoughts were otherwise boiling, things I had never dreamed of doing. You would have noticed," she went on in the slightest accent of bitterness. "If I had failed to supply your needs, then her lips quivered, and she bowed her head to conceal the rising tears she added, "I can't keep up my spirit alone."

She turned away, fearing there was going to be a scene—Irritated that she could not go out the same as I did. She had her own boots and shoes, and she was wearing the dog and the fowls and the household things to amuse her. What else did she want?

"What made you think of quinine?" I asked.

"I told you a little good when I first came to Turkey. Mr. Worthington advised

room dusted, and the breakfast
table before she came down.
Outside, under the eaves,
when Howler banded down the
set up a regular howl of delight
and Hebe was looking at the
astonishment when I went in; but
she said that was great and
my hand hit her painful awkward-
ness he felt better. It was the
since the old days that I had
my hand to her. She put hers into
and pressed it in silence, her eyes
of solemn presage.

"He came up and sniffed at my legs,
though he were in doubt about my
weighting you might sleep late,"

Guest— "I have heard of the
born in cases."

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relying condition of well-
intensive luxury and wealth,
of another La Haye, a pur-
sued, quiet, isolated, much-
town which has retained its
character with all its pomp,
a homelike, punctilious city
led by men of simple manners
and intellectual power, contri-
buted for its civil amusements
and show; yet, with it all,
a very rare disposition to those who
easy, careless life.—[Harper's

A Little Too Polite.

Strange Lady—"I beg your pardon, but I heard you mention Mrs. Upperton's name, and I know she has been very sick. Can you tell me how she is?"

Gentleman—"She is dead."

Strange Lady—"Thank you."

Lady's Friend (in a whisper)—"Horrors! You should not have said 'Thank you.' That gentleman is Mrs. Upperton's physician."

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Doctor—"I see what the matter is. It's dyspepsia. All you have to do is to eat

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Four hours a day of thoroughly diligent study is as much as the average girl can well stand. Five hours are too long for many girls, and six too much for all but the very strongest. We have purposely avoided the laying down of minute rules, but we hope that enough has been said to show parents what ought to be done for their daughters during school life, and to persuade them to insist that it shall be done.

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